The Spiritual Age.

DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

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Entertaining and Instructive.

A SPIRITUAL SUBPŒNA.

Some dozen years ago, I passed a couple of early summer months in Devonshire, fishing: changing one picturesque scene of sport for another, always disbelieving that I should find so fair a place as that last quitted, and always having pleasantly to acknowledge myself wrong. There is indeed an almost inexhaustible treasure of delicious nooks in that fertile county, which comprehends every element of landscape beauty—coast and inland, hill and valley, moor and woodland—and excels in nothing more than in its curved rivers. What cliff-like and full-foliaged banks about their sources, and what rich meadows sprinkled with unrivalled kine, as they broaden towards the sea! At the close of my tour, I was lodging in a farmhouse near a branch of the Exe, rather regretful at the thought of having so soon to shoulder my knapsack and return to native Dorset, near a certain provincial town of which county, and in a neighborhood without a single tree in sight, or a stream within sound, it was my lot to dwell. We had lately thrown out a bow-window to the drawing-room there, but why, I cannot tell, for there was certainly nothing to see from it. What a difference between such a spot and my then abode, from the windows of which a score of miles of undulating and varied landscape could be discerned, with the old cathedral towers of the capital city standing grandly up against the southern sky.

It is not true that people who live in picturesque places do not appreciate them, but only that they require to be made to understand their good fortune. Michael Courtney, the good man of the farm, and like all his class, a thorough stay-at-home, coule not discover what I found in the look-out from his house to make such a fuss about; but his wife, who had once paid a visit to her son when in business in Birmingham, knew perfectly well. Concerning which son, Robert, by the by, there was a sad tale. He was the only child of the good pair, and one who should have been there at Cowlees, the right hand of his father, and the comfort of his loving mother; but the young man had decided otherwise. He had never taken to farming, but had grieved father hugely by hankering after mechanical studies, which the old agriculturist associated almost with the black art itself.—Thinking himself to have a gift for the practical sciences, Robert had got apprenticed in Birmingham, and for some time bade fair to acquit himself well. But it had not been farming to which he was in reality averse, so much as to restraint of any kind; and finding, after a little, that he could not be his own master at the lathe, any more than at the plough, he forsook his second calling likewise. This had justly angered Michael, and drawn from him, on the return of the lad, certain expressions which his young spirit undutifully resented. There was a violent scene in that peaceful homestead of Cowlees one day; and the next morning, when the house was astir, it was found that Robert had gone away in the night-time, nor had he since either returned home or written of his whereabouts.

It was a year ago and more by this time, during which period Mrs. Courtenay had grown older than in the half-dozen years before, while the old man, himself, said the farm-people, had altered to the full as much as she, although, for his part, he never owned to it. It was not he who told me of the matter, but the gudewife, who was fond of me—as my vanity was obliged to confess—mainly because I was of the age of her lost lad, and so reminded her of him. I slopt in the very room which had formerly been Robert's, and a very comfortable little room it was.

Here it was, very early one May morning, before even the earliest risers of the farm were up, that I was awakened by these three words, pronounced close to me in the distinctest tones: "The ferryman waits."

So perfectly conscious was I of having been really addressed that I sat up in my bed at once, and replied, "Well, and what is that to me?" before the absurdity of the intimation had time to strike me. The snow-white curtains of the little bed were completely undrawn, so that no person could have been hidden behind them. Although it was not broad daylight, every object was clearly discernable, and through the half-opened window came the cool, delicious summer air with quickening fragrance. I heard the dog rattle his chain in the yard as he came out of his kennel and shook himself, and then returned to it lazily, as though it was not time to be up yet. A cock crew, but very unsatisfactorily, leaving off in the middle of his performance, as though he had been mistaken in the hour. My watch, a more reliable chronicler, informed me that it wanted a quarter of four o'clock. I was not accustomed to be awakened at such a time as that, and turned myself somewhat indignantly on the pillow, regretful that I had eaten clotted cream for supper the preceding evening. I lay perfectly still with my eyes shut, endeavoring, since I could not get to sleep again, to account for the peculiar nature of my late nightmare, as I had made up my mind to consider it, until the cuckoo clock on the oaken stair outside struck four. The last note of the mechanical bird had scarcely died away, when again, close to my pillow, I heard uttered, not only with distinctness, but with a most unmistakable earnestness, the same piece of information which had once so startled me already: "The ferryman waits."

Then I got up, and looked under the little bed, and behind it; into the small cupboard where my one change of boots was kept, and where there was scarcely room for anything else. I sounded the wall nearest my bed's head, and found it solid enough; it was also an outside wall; nor from any of the more remote ones could so distinct a summons have come. Then I pushed the window casement fully back, and thrust my head and bare neck into the morning air. If I was still asleep, I was determined to wake myself, and then, if I should hear the mysterious voice again, I was determined to obey it. I was not alarmed, nor even disturbed in my mind, though greatly interested. The circumstances of my position precluded any supernatural terror. The animals in the farm-yard were lying in the tumbled straw close by, and near enough to be startled at a shout of mine. Some pigeons were already circling round the dovecote, or pacing, sentinel-like, the little platforms before their domiciles; and the sound of the lasher, by whose circling eddies I had so often watched for trout, came cheerily and with inviting tone across the dewy meadows. The whole landscape seemed instinct with new-born life, and to have thoroughly shaken off the solemnity of dreary night. Its surpassing beauty and freshness so entirely took possession of me, indeed, that in its contemplation I absolutely forgot the inexplicable occurrence which had brought me to the window. I was wrapped in the endeavor to make out whether those tapering lines, supporting, as it appeared, a mass of southern cloud, were indeed the pinnacles of the cathedral, when close to my ear, close by, as though the speaker had his face at the casement likewise, the words were a third time uttered: "The ferryman waits."

There was a deeper seriousness in its tone on this occasion, an appeal which seemed to have touch of pathos as well as gloom; but it was the same voice, and one which I shall never forget. I did not hesitate another moment, but dressed myself as quickly as I could, and descending the stairs, took down the vast oaken door-bar, and let myself out, as I had been wont to do when I went betimes a fishing. Then I strode southward along the footpath leading through the fields to where the river-ferry was, some three miles off, now doubting, now believing, that the ferryman *did* wait there, at such an unusually early hour, and for me. I made such good use of my legs, that it was not five o'clock when I reached the last meadow that lay between me and the stream; it was higher ground than its neighbor land, and every step I took I was looking eagerly to come in sight of the ferry-house, which was on the opposite bank, and by no means within easy hailing distance. At last I did so, and observed, to my astonishment, that the boat was not at its usual moorings. It must needs, therefore, have been already brought over upon my own side. A few steps further brought me into view of it, with the ferryman standing up in the stern leaning on his punt-pole, and looking intently in my direction. He gave a great "hollo" when he recognized me, and I returned it, for we were old acquaintances.

"Well, Master Philip," cried he, as I drew nearer, "you are not here so very much betimes, after all; I have been waiting for you nigh upon half an hour,"

"Waiting for *me?*" echoed I, "I don't know how that can be, since nobody knew that I was coming, and ineeed I didn't know it myself, till"——And there I stopped myself upon the very verge of confessing myself to have been fooled by a voice. Perhaps the ferryman himself may be concerned in the trick, thought I, and is now about to charge me roundly for being taken across out of hours.

"Well. sir," returned the Genius of the River, turning his peakless cap hind before, which was his fashion when puzzled, and certainly a much more polite one than that common to his brethren of the land, of scratching their heads—"all I can say is, as I was roused at half-past three or so by a friend of yours, saying as though you would be wanting me in a little on the north bank."

"What friend was that?" inquired."

"Nay, sir, for that matter, I can't say, since I didn't see him, but I *heard* him well enough, at all events, and as plain as I now hear you. I was asleep when he first called me from outside yonder, and could scarcely make any sense of it; but the second time I was wide awake; and third time, as I was undoing the window, there could be no mistake about—'Be ready for Philip Reaton on the nor' bank,' he said."

"And how was it you missed seeing my friend?" inquired I, as carelessly as I could.

"He was in such a hurry to be gone, I reckon, that as soon as he heard my window open, and knew he had roused me, he set off. His voice came round the east corner of the cottage, as though he went Exeter way. I wouldn't have got up at such a time, and at such a summons, for many other folks but you, I do assure you, Master Philip."

"Thank you," said I, though by no means quite convinced; "you're a good fellow, and here's five shillings for you. And now, put me across, and show me the nearest way by which I can get to the city."

Now if, by some inscrutable means, the ferryman—who had become the leading feature in my mind because of the mysterious warning—or any accomplice of his, had played me a trick, and trumped up a story for my further bewilderment, they had not, I flattered myself, very much cause for boasting. I had evinced but slight curiosity about the unknown gentleman who had heralded my approach at daylight, and I had given them to understand that I had a real object in my early rising—that of reaching the capital city, at least ten miles away. But my own brain was, for all that, a prey to the most conflicting suggestions, not one of which was of final service towards an explanation of the events of the morning.

There was I, at a little after 5 A. M., with a walk before me of ten, and a walk behind me of three good Devon miles, breakfastless, without the least desire to reach the place I was bound for—and all because of a couple of *vox-et-præterea-nihils*, without a body between them. I consumed the way in mentally reviewing all the circumstances of the case again and again, and by no means in a credulous spirit; but when I at length arrived at the city upon the hill, I was as far from the solution of the matter as when I started. That the ferryman himself, a simple countryman, should be concerned in any practical joke upon *me*, a mere fly-fishing acquaintance of a couple of weeks' standing; or that such persons as the Courtenays should have permitted the playing of it on a guest at Cowlees, was only less astounding than the perfection of the trick itself—if trick it really was. But neither my feelings of anger, when I looked on the matter in that light, nor those of mystery when I took the more supernatural view of it, in anywise interfered with the gradual growth of appetite; and when I turned into a private room of the "Bishop's Head" in the High street, the leading idea in my mind, after all my cogitations, was Breakfast. If seven-and-forty mysterious voices had informed me that the ferryman was waiting *then*, I should have responded: "Then let him wait—at all events, while I eat a beafsteak and suudries."

Although Exeter is as picturesque and venerable a city as any raven could desire to dwell in, it is not a lively town by any means, in a general way. A quiet, saintly solemn spot, indeed it is; excellently adapted for a sinner to pass his last days in—although he would probably find them among the longest in his life—and peculiarly adapted to that end in its very great benefit of (episcopal) clergy; but for a hale young gentleman of nineteen to find himself therein at nine o'clock on a fine summer morning, with nothing to do, and all the day to do it in, was an embarrassing circumstance.

"Nothing going on, as usual, I suppose?" inquired I, with a yawn at the waiter, when I had finished a vast refection.

"Going on, sir? Yessir. City very gay, indeed, sir, just now. Assizes, sir, now sitting. Murder case—very interesting for a young gentleman like yourself, indeed, sir."

"How do you know what is interesting?" retorted I, with the indignation of bobbledehoyhood at having its manhood called in question. "Young gentleman, indeed! I am a man, sir. But what about this murder? Is the prisoner convicted?"

"Convicted, sir? Nossir; not yet, sir. We hope he will be convicted this morning, sir. A journeyman carpenter, one Robert Moles, have been and murdered a toll-keeper—killed him in the dead of night, sir, with a 'atchet; and his wife's the witness against him."

"That's very horrible," remarked I. "I didn't know a wife could give evidence."

"Nossir, not *his* wife, sir; it's the toll keeper's wife, sir.—She swears to this Moles, although it 'appened two months ago or more, sir. Murder will out they say; and how true it is! He'll be hung in front of the jail, sir, in a hopen place upon an 'ill, so almost everybody will be able to see it, bless ye!"

"I should like to hear the end of this trial—very much, indeed, waiter."

"Should you, sir?" fondling his chin. "It could'nt be done, sir—it could *not* be done; the court is crowded into a mash already. To be sure I've got a—— But no, sir, it could *not* be done."

"I suppose it's merely a question of How much?" said I, taking out my purse. "Didn't you say had a"——

"A cousin as is a javelin-man, yessir. Well, I don't know but what it *might* be done, sir, if you'll just wait till I've cleared away. There, they're at it already!"

While he spoke, a fanfaronade of trumpets without proclaimed that the judges were about to take their seats, and in a few minutes the waiter and I were among the crowd. The javelin-man turning out to be amenable to reason and the ties of relationship, as well as not averse to a small pecuniary recompense, I soon found standing-room for myself in the court-house, where every seat had been engaged for hours. As I had been informed, the proceedings were all but concluded, save some unimportant indirect evidence, and the speech of the prisoner's counsel. This gentleman had been assigned to the accused by the court, since he had not provided himself with any advocate nor attempted to meet the tremendous charge laid against him, except by a simple denial. All that had been elicited from him since his apprehension, it seemed, was this: that the toll-keeper's wife was mistaken in his identity, but that he had led a wandering life late, and could not produce any person to prove an *alibi*; that he was in Dorsetshire when the murder was done, miles away from the scene of its commission; but at what place on the particular day in question—the 5th of March—he could not recall to mind. This, taken in connection with strong condemnatory evidence, it was clear would go sadly against him with the jury, as a lame defence indeed; although, as it struck *me* who had only gleaned this much from a bystander, nothing was more natural than that a journeyman carpenter, who was not likely to have kept a diary, should not recollect what place he had tramped through at any particular date. Why, where had I myself been on the 5th of March? thought I. It took me several minutes to remember, and I only did so by recollecting that I had left Dorsetshire on the day following, partly in consequence of some alterations going on at home. Dorsetshire, by the by, did the prisoner say? Why, surely I had seen that face somewhere before, which was now turned anxiously and hurriedly around the court, and now, as if ashamed of meeting so many eyes, concealed in his tremulous hands! Robert Moles! No, I had certainly never heard that name; and yet I began to watch the poor fellow with a singular interest, begotten of the increasing conviction that he was not altogether a stranger to me.

The evidence went on and concluded; the counsel for the prisoner did his best, but his speech was, of necessity, an appeal to mercy rather than to justice. All that had been confided to him by his client was this: that the young man was a vagabond who had deserted his parents, and run away from his indentures, and was so far deserving of little pity; that he had, however, only been vicious and not criminal: as for the murder with which he was now charged, the commission of such a hideous outrage had never entered his brain. "Did the lad look like a murderer? Or did he not rather resemble the Prodigal Son, penitent for his misdeeds indeed, but not weighed down by the blood of a fellow creature?"

All this was powerfully enough expressed, but was not evidence; and the jury, without retiring from their box, pronounced the young man "Guilty," amid a silence which seemed to corroborate the verdict. Then the judge put on the terrible black cap, and solemnly inquired for the last time whether Robert Moles had any reason to urge why sentence should not be passed upon him.

"My lord," replied the lad in a singularly low soft voice, which recalled the utterer to my recollection on the instant, "I am wholly innocent of the dreadful crime of which I am accused, although I confess I see in the doom that is about to passed upon me a fit recompense for my wickedness and disobedience. I was, however, until informed of it by the officer who took me into custody, as ignorant of this poor man's existence as of his death."

"My lord," cried I, speaking with an energy and distinctness that astonished myself, "this young man has spoken the truth as I can testify."

There was a tremendous sensation in the court at this announcement, and it was some minutes before I was allowed to take my place in the witness-box. The counsel for the crown objected to my becoming evidence at that period of the proceedings at all, and threw himself into the legal question with all the indignation which he had previously exhibited against midnight murder; but eventually the court overruled him, and I was sworn.

I stated that I did not know the prisoner by name, but that I could swear to his identity. I described how, upon the fifth of March last, the local builder being in want of hands had hired the accused to assist in the construction of a bow window in the drawing-room of our house in Dorsetshire.

The counsel for the prosecution, affecting to disbelieve my sudden recognition of the prisoner, here requested to know whether any particular circumstance had recalled him to my mind, or whether I had only a vague and general recollection of him.

"I had only that," I confessed, "until the prisoner spoke: his voice is peculiar, and I remember very distinctly to have heard it on the occasion I speak of; he had the misfortune to tread upon his foot-rule and break it, while at work upon the window, and I overheard him lamenting that occurrence."

Here the counsel for the accused reminded the court that a broken foot-rule had been found upon the prisoner's person, at the time of his apprehension.

Within five minutes, in short, the feelings of judge, jury and spectators entirely changed; and the poor young fellow at the bar, instead of having sentence of death passed upon him, found himself, through my means, set very soon at liberty. He came over to me at the inn to express his sense of my prompt interference, and to beg to know how he might shew his gratitude. I am not so mean a fellow as I seem," said he, "and I hope, by God's blessing, to be yet a credit to the parents to whom I have behaved so ill."

"What is your real name?" inquired I, struck by a sudden impulse.

"My real name," replied the young man, blushing deeply, "is Courtenay, and my home, where I hope to be to-night, is at Cowlees Farm, across the Exe."

And so I had not been called so mysteriously at four o'clock in the morning, without a good and sufficient reason, after all.

HEALTH A RELIGIOUS DUTY.

In the course of an address lately made to the young men of Brooklyn, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher uttered the following sound sentiments, which we would gladly hear echoed from every pulpit in the land:—

A truly religious matter, is the subject of *health*; nothing is of more importance to the young man. A young man needs strong, vigorous health; he wished to ask the young men of the Christian Association, if while they were exploring the rum holes and gambling dens, whether they had at all considered what the thousands of young men, middle-aged men were doing in the matter of health. How is the young man to get the proper exercise? In billiards there is not exercise enough.—There is nothing more healthful than bowling; yet he would soon be bowled down in society should he go into any of the saloons in Brooklyn. There was rowing, and all the various games of ball; and if the Young Men's Christian Association of Brooklyn would only take this subject in hand they would be taking a step far in advance of any other city. He urged this matter most strongly upon the Association. He said that young men sit up too late—though he did not follow his own advice, nobody ever did; he thought no young man should ever see the backside of 10 o'clock at night. He suggested that perhaps the procuring of books for a library was not the most important to the Association. The faces of our young men are blanched white enough already, and their chests almost collapsed. When he came to look at the books in that library, he should not look to see how many volumes of theology they had, but how many books they had from which a young man could learn something of the world, into which they were born, and about that body upon which their natural and spiritual interests depend. If the church does not permit this matter, it will go on without the church; God is not half so careful about the church as church members are. He thought they should thus glorify God, in everything that makes a sound body as well as sound morals.

The exercises were then closed with singing and the benediction.

Does Sex Qualify Morality?

The common judgment of the majority, would lead one to infer that sex does qualify morality. Man is tolerated in saying and doing much, that would be generally considered intolerable if said and done by woman. Many immoralities that would bow and crush woman are lightly judged of in man. Man is permitted to outlive frailties—woman, never. Man's sins against virtue are counted as his 'wild oats,' the 'follies of youth,' etc., but woman's are set down as inextinguishable stains. Woman becomes an outcast, for what man does with comparative, if not perfect, impunity. But is this all right—is it meting out judgment as God metes it? Morality is an affluence of the conscience, of the soul, and has it yet been discovered that the soul has any diversity of sex? However true it may be that, according to our habits of thought, many things involving no particular morality may seem proper to man and improper to woman, we hold that all essential morality is just as binding upon man as upon woman. To use an old, homely proverb, 'what is sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander,' and in morality, 'it is a poor shoe that does not fit both feet'—a poor morality that condemns one and spares another, on the score of sex. Happily for the dignity of morality, this invidious measure of judgment is slowly passing away. In a not distant hereafter, the world will have done with this discreditable and most unjust partiality.

Beautiful Illustration.

There is a fine engraving of Jean Paul Richter, surrounded by floating clouds, all of which are angels' faces; but so soft and shadowy, that they must be sought for, to be perceived.—It was a beautiful idea thus to environ Jean Paul, for whoso-ever reads him with earnest thoughtfulness will see heavenly features perpetually shining forth through the golden mists or rolling vapor. . . . Remember—this picture embodies a great spiritual truth. In all clouds that surround the soul, there *are* angel faces, and we should *see* them if we were calm and holy. It is because we are impatient of our destiny, and do not understand its use in our eternal progression, that the clouds which envelop it seem like black masses of thunder, or cold and dismal obstructions of the sunshine. If a man looked at his being as a whole, or had faith that all things were intended to bring him into harmony with the divine will, he would gratefully acknowledge that spiritual dew and rain, wind and lightning, cloud and sunshine, all help his growth, as their natural forms bring to maturity the flowers and the grain.—*Mrs. L. M. Child.*

"When man has withdrawn heart, soul, and senses, from external things, and keeps himself without impulse toward them, it is the great degree of union. Then man will not fall into error by mistake or negligence. He watches incessantly to preserve himself from it. If all do not see the soul, it is because their soul turns the senses from her, and makes them tend outward; for the soul is the true controller, and does all she wills."—*Vedas.*

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

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SPIRITUALISM IN RELIGION.—NO. XIV.

SALVATION.

The word "salvation" has become so hackneyed by its use among narrow religionists—has had so many changes rung upon it by the superficial and unspiritual—that we do not wonder many hear it only with weariness and disgust. Nevertheless, it has a rational, vital, and inestimably important meaning, vastly broader than that popularly conceived; of which meaning, as we apprehend it, we will endeavor to give some outline.

Buck's Theological Dictionary makes the following definition:

"SALVATION means the safety or preservation of anything that has been or is in danger; but it is more particularly used by us to denote our deliverance from sin and hell, and the final enjoyment of God in a future state, through the mediation of Jesus Christ."

Webster says:

"*Appropriately*, in theology, the redemption of man from the bondage of sin and liability to eternal death, and the conferring on him everlasting happiness. This is the *great salvation*."

Since, in the popular idea, heaven and hell are *localities in the future world*, instead of *states of the soul any where*, salvation is, to a great extent, regarded as almost wholly a thing of the future life, to be realized after departure from the earthly body, either as an unconditional favor, or as a reward for belief in certain dogmas and the performance of certain arbitrarily prescribed acts in the present life.

As a more comprehensive and *spiritual* definition of the term we give the following:—Salvation is preservation or deliverance from ignorance, error and all wrong-doing, wrong-feeling, and wrong inclination; which implies elevation into a state of enlightenment, wisdom, purity, freedom and perfect rectitude, in all respects.

It has regard not to the soul alone, but to body, mind and spirit. Our *bodies* need to be saved from diseases, pains, deformities and imbecility, by an entire obedience to the laws of health. Our *minds* need to be saved from the illusions and insanities of error and unbelief, by a clear apprehension of the truth. Our *spirits* need to be saved from all selfish and evil affections—all tendencies to wrong acts—and pervaded solely by that perfect, universal love, which seeks only good, and casts out all fear.

It has respect not to the future alone, but first and specially to the present. In fact, the only *real* salvation is a *present* salvation—deliverance from error and evil in the present moment. No confidence can be placed in any "scheme of salvation" which does not save its believers *now*, or teach them to expect a present salvation, but only promises them a *future* deliverance from ignorance, hatred, injustice, and selfishness in general—which does not incite them to every effort *at once* to overcome evil, and live the heavenly life, on earth. If it does not enable them to do it here, what guaranty have they that it will hereafter?

It has not respect to individuals alone, but through individuals *society* must be saved. Society needs deliverance and preservation from the evils of war, of oppression, of antagonistic interests, of monopolies, of over-reaching, of caste, of tattling and scandal-mongering, of poverty and crime. Any system of morals or religion that tolerates the continuance of the present antagonistic relations in human society, or that regards these evils as incurable, or that allows them to be overlooked for some ideal good in the future, is manifestly an inadequate "means of salvation."

Born as we all are in ignorance and self-love, with more or less of perverted or depraved hereditary inclinations clinging about us, often disposing us to the doing of that which will injure ourselves and others, or withholding us from attaining the highest and noblest growth—we surely need such instruction and enlightenment as will enable us to know the good from the evil, and above all such incentives and stimulants to our good impulses as shall enable us to overcome the evil and do the right in all cases—in other words, we want to be saved *from* sin, first and chiefly, instead of looking forward to an escape from its consequences after it has been committed.

"Sin is transgression of law," or violation of the conditions of happiness; and "hell" is the misery consequent upon such violation. If we are saved from "sin" here, we need have no anxiety about salvation from "hell" hereafter; but until we are delivered from sin, we must expect to carry "hell" with us wherever we go. And as the first requisite of the soul's harmony is the renunciation of self-love and self-will, accompanied by an entire and loving surrender to the Divine or Universal Will—which is included in what has been termed regeneration—it follows necessarily that the state of "hell" in greater or less degree must continue until such renunciation and regeneration take place—even if it be forever. There can be no salvation in selfishness—no heaven in self-love. Whether all *will* eventually come into harmony and thus "be saved," is a distinct question, about which we do not pretend to know a great deal. We surely *hope* it will be so; but the best evidence any one can give or have that he *will be* saved in the future, is that he *is* saved now,—by a knowledge of and obedience to, the conditions on which bodily, mental and spiritual harmony depend.

Such is the spiritual idea of salvation, as we understand it. Certainly, nothing less thorough, vital and complete can satisfy the yearnings of any spiritually enlightened mind.

Of course, it will be seen that whoever helps us to knowledge of any of the laws of health and true happiness, and especially whoever helps to arouse the dormant energies of our spiritual natures and give us strength to overcome evil and advance in good, thereby becomes in some degree A SAVIOR to us. Every good and true man, who overcomes evil in himself, helps to save from those around him. In this sense, surely, Jesus of Nazareth has been and is the Savior of men—to just the extent that his teachings, his unselfish life, and his living spirit—ever-present to those who are in sympathetic relations with him—have enabled them to throw off sinful habits and to live noble and unselfish lives.

Nay, more—there is important truth in the old formulas of "salvation by faith in Christ," by "the blood of Christ," etc., which acquaintance with spiritual laws enables us to understand and rationally explain. But our space for the present is filled.

DEATH PENALTY.

There are in the country now some twenty people awaiting the terrible penalty of death for the crime of murder, one of whom is a woman. The reflection is a fearful one, and suggests a doubt as to the efficacy of a remedy that calls for such wholesale slaughter. True, the crimes were committed for which this sacrifice is the ostensible atonement; but the question might be asked, is the life of a scoundrel an atonement for the life of a good man that he has taken? To hang a murderer that has shed innocent blood is putting him on an equality with his victim, and it may well be queried if a life devoted to labor for the benefit of those near to the deceased—the widow, the orphan, or the parent—might not be more like atoning for the offence, than to release his obligation by clipping his thread of life.

There are to this, as in most other matters, two sides; one the stern demand of blood for blood, of the Mosaic code; the other, its expediency, a doubt of which has arisen in the minds of many, in view of the insufficiency of the penalty to suppress crime. Society has held to the full measure-for-measure doctrine, as it is "nominated in the bond;' but it appals us to think of such a mathematical system of law, halter and gospel, which mingle like the jibes of Petit Andre and the prayers of Trois Eschelles in the tree and lasso business of Louis XI., as described by Scott, till we turn from its contemplation with disgust. Twenty murderers to be hanged!

We object to any foreign government's sending their refuse of pauperism and crime over here to trouble us, and yet we send these twenty down to Hades, who will not need much cultivation to take their places as devils, having graduated so respectably here. Has not Hades the same right to protest against it and to send them back, as we have to send back foreign criminals and paupers? We doubt not they do come back, and work more mischief among the ranks of men than when embodied.

Does hanging prevent the crime? that is the question. If not, we should not sustain it for a moment. Could we but manage somehow to intercept the crime and hang the villain before he did the deed, there would be some sense in it; but to do this would require a power of perception to which our authorities lay no claim. We despair of any such change in affairs. The good, will have, therefore, to be killed, we suppose, as usual, and the bad be hanged therefor, in uneven exchange, until men become wise enough to renounce Moses and adopt the later code that inculcated forgiveness and reformation.—We believe there have been less petitions this year than usual to our legislatures, for the repeal of the death penalty; though we cannot believe that the friends of repeal have decreased in number. Twenty to be hanged!

"Eschatology"—How it is received.

We have looked with some interest to see how the work under this title lately noticed in our columns—which makes havoc among some of the most cherished dogmas of "orthodoxy," like a bombshell in a magazine—would be received by the defenders of the ancient faith. It seems to be very cautiously and timidly approached. The burly Doctors of the *Recorder*, evidently disliking to be disturbed by a new outbreak of heresy, briefly dismiss it by saying in substance that they prefer to stick to the old ideas. The *Congregationalist* is courteous and uncertain—we might say, almost persuaded. The following is its language:

"Those who are personally acquainted with Rev. Samuel Lee, of New Ipswich, N. H., know that it would be a phenomenon for him to write a book that should not be clear in style, able and strong in thought, and decided in tone. Such are the characteristics of the volume. . . . We are not prepared, as yet, to say, that we are convinced that our friend is right in all these views; though we cheerfully accord him the merit of having made a most ingenious and plausible presentation of them. Perhaps he may carry the faith of the church with him. But we want to think longer of it. All intelligent and serious-minded persons will read his argument with interest."

This is much to admit of a book that demolishes the popular notions of a bodily resurrection, an end of the physical world, an external "coming of the Lord," with all the paraphernalia of the "judgment day," etc., etc., and substitutes in their place almost the identical conceptions of Modern Spiritualism. The world moves!

Not Enough.

The *Holyoke Mirror*, referring to a recent item in our columns, says:

"The *Spiritual Age* predicts that as people become more spiritual and seek to live true lives, single beds will come in vogue. Fudge—if the apostles of progress can be kept out of other folks' beds it is all that can be reasonably expected."

The demands of the popular code of morals will doubtless be satisfied with this; but *spirituality* will not. We have little faith in any "apostles of progress" who do not both teach and *live* a more correct physiology and a purer morality than is *mirrored* in the above paragraph.

A writer in the Boston *Investigator*, referring to the same item, says:

"It may be so, but I very much doubt whether Spiritualism thus far has had this tendency; and I predict that it never will have, as regards some of its believers in my neighborhood, unless they alter their present course of living."

Very possibly, some professed advocates of Spiritualism, and doubtless believers in the mere fact of spirit-communication, have given occasion for such a remark. But it is time that honorable opponents, and all sensible people, had learned the difference between Spiritualism and *sensualism* in any form.—Any doctrine in morals or religion which does not tend to make people more *spiritual*, and to live nobler lives in every respect, can with no propriety be called Spiritualism.

A GENUINE "OLD FOGY."—The Newburyport *Herald* tells of a man of extraordinary piety, living in Georgetown, Mass., who has not read a line in a newspaper for forty years, and denounces everything of the kind. His reason, given in his own words, is this: "When a young man I made the newspaper my Bible, but since my conversion, lest my mind should be led astray from holy thoughts, I have read nothing but the word of God." He never rode in the railway cars in his life—doubtless believing them an invention of the devil, since they did not exist in Bible times. His hatred of the gentle sex is extreme; whenever he learns the death of a female he utters an emphatic "good," much like an Indian when drinking whisky. He probably never had a mother.

MISS BISHOP'S PICTURES.

Miss ANNETTE BISHOP is a modest child of Genius, to whose quiet, but earnest and aspiring spirit the angels have imparted various gifts. Her merits would have been far more widely recognized, ere this, but for her too humble estimate of herself, and a delicate apprehension of being obtrusive, which prompts her to retire from public observation. But she is already known and appreciated by those of our readers who are familiar with the pages of the *Shekinah*, and to others from her occasional poetic contributions to the newspaper press.

Among the rare endowments of our gifted young friend, the power to imitate nature, and to give free and forcible expression to ideal conceptions with *the pencil*, is the one by which she is most likely to acquire a lasting distinction. We learn that Miss Bishop recently sent two Oil Paintings to the National Academy in New York, which are offered for sale at $150 each. Small photograph copies of the same may be seen at the Boston office of this paper. They are entitled respectively, "The Mother's Choice," and "The Old Witch." The latter, at least, will be recognized as a spiritual subject. We can in no way give our distant readers—who may not have an opportunity to see either the original picture or the photograph—a better idea of the artist's conception than by copying Miss Bishop's descriptive lines, which appeared some time since in the Albany *Atlas and Argus*:

THE OLD WITCH.

Let me in! oh let me in!
The rain upon my head is pouring;
The bridge has floated o'er the linn—
Hark! how the sullen stream is roaring.

Go thy way, old witch,
Water will not drown thee;
Make thy bed in any ditch,—
Honest folks disown thee.

Let her in! oh let her in!'
My stool beside the hearth I'll give her,
Oh is it not a deadly sin,
Out in the drenching rains to leave her?

Let her go the way she came,
Wicked witch of evil name.

Oh, let me in!—'tis bitter cold,
The piercing winds blow o'er the moors;
My plaid is thin, and I am old,
Oh mercy! ope to me your doors.

How now! lingerest yet?
Go thy ways, old woman,—
Satan hath thy sisters met
On the witch's common.
Get thee gone—thou canst not charm us;
If thy spells should ever harm us,
A horse-shoe will burn out thine eyes,
In the embers now it lies.

Oh, she sinks upon her knees,
How she trembles, how she shivers;—
Once you told me such as these
From their woes the Lord delivers.

Hush! 'tis not to such as she
Promises are given;
Thinks't thou that a witch may be
With the saints in Heaven?

Oh, I'm cold—and colder—colder,
The winds are chilling—chilling me;
My plaid is freezing to my shoulder,—
May God forgive your cruelty!

Hush! a holy name she utters,
Falleth on her face and mutters
Wicked spells of dire intent,
Evil thing on evil bent.

Oh a fairy—no an angel,
White as are the cherubim
Which I've seen in John's evangel
Of the new Jerusalem;
Bendeth downward o'er the woman,
While around them is a light
Shining soft as summer gloamin'—
Shining from the angel white!

Still upon her face she's lying;
Can the witch be surely dying;
Then her blue and shivering wraith
Will forever haunt our path,
If by costly church rites we
Lay it not in the Dead Sea.
Oh she riseth slowly, slowly,
With her hands across her breast;
Speaks the angel white and holy:
"Sister, enter into rest!"

AN "ORTHODOX" ARGUMENT.

It is generally argued that the Bible must be a book of Divine origin because it throws satisfactory light on many great questions of interest to the human mind, particularly in that it "brings immortality to life;" the goodness of Deity in condescending to give such a revelation is often dwelt upon. But a writer in the *Congregationalist* argues the Divine origin of the book on the ground that it does *not* reveal "many things which we are very desirous to know, when other matters which we account of far less interest to us have so much light shed upon them"!! And among the topics mentioned on which information is withheld are, "more minute descriptions of the invisible world; the relations of the departed dead to the living," etc. He says:

"Was the Bible a human production, it would be found attempting to clear up those mysteries which now perplex mortals, and essaying to open up avenues of light to those things into which mankind earnestly desire to look."

According to this writer, "it is the glory of God to conceal a thing," and to keep the world in ignorance—not to reveal His truth. Verily, great are the mysteries of "orthodoxy"!! Who can wonder that a system which presents such a conception of Deity is fast losing the respect of men?

A Vegetarian Congregation.

They have in Philadelphia a sect denominated the Church of the Bible Christians, of the Rev. Mr. Metcalf is pastor.—Originally its creed was that of the Swedenborgians, but a separation occurred in regard to enforcement of certain points of discipline. The Swedenborgians contended that Christ arose in the material body from the tomb. The Bible Christians took the opposite ground, asserting it as their belief that, after the crucifixion, the body which ascended to Heaven was not merely spiritual but divine. About this time the doctrine was broached of entire abstinence from the flesh of animals as food, and total abstinence from all intoxicating beverages, as religious duties. These differences being irreconcilable, a schism occurred, and the Society of the Bible Christians was formed as an independent body. They believe that Christianity, to be beneficial, must be practical. They exercise no dominion over the consciences of men, but all desirous of joining them in abstaining from flesh, fish and fowl of every kind, and from all intoxicating beverages, and in appropriating to practical life the precepts of the Bible, are freely admitted members. Out of Philadelphia there is no other regularly organized soiety in the country.

The Editor's Table.

CRANSTON HOUSE. A Novel. By Hannah Anderson Ropes, author of "Six months in Kansas." Boston: Otis Clapp, 3 Albion Building, Beacon St. 12 mo., 388 pages.

It is not often that we open a book of this class which reveals in the author so deep an insight into human nature, and so eminent an ability to unravel the meaning of life's mysteriously tangled web of joys and griefs, struggles and partial triumphs. Having herself evidently climbed up the thorny path of spiritual attainment, to a pinnacle from which the divine *use* of trials, temptations, disappointments and soul-harrowing griefs, stands revealed in the sunlight of heaven, she is able to give their interpretation in clear and cheering tones to those who still walk beneath the cloud.

The story which forms the frame-work of this life-lesson, is well conceived, and has no lack of dramatic interest. It is pervaded by a genial tone, and a living Spiritualism, which recognizes the presence of the spirit-world, and the influence of spiritual beings, as facts of every-day life—though this is by no means a prominent feature. Its more striking characteristic is a clear-sighted spirituality which looks deeply beneath the *seeming* of things to their *realities* and *uses*. We might copy many passages as illustrations, but must content ourselves with the following from pages 244-5:

"Society is in a fever heat. The material for overturn and change, is so multiplied, that a species of insane dissipation has taken the place of a perhaps too slow process of previous thought and action. I am looking at it now more in reference to the race, than the earth upon which men expend so great an amount of energy. Whether they run too fast or too slow, society is in a transition state, and for it I have the fullest hope and faith.

"We have but to look into our own life to believe that each year brings us to its end different creatures from what it found us. Hereafter, Cousin Sallie, when knowing more of the evil there is in the world, you feel disheartened, it will be well for you to take the family of man in the aggregate; as one grand man, we can always get a better view of the whole; and then, like the sickness of one person, we take courage in the hope of good results from proper medicine and nursing. I look into myself and find that certain conditions bring into life and activity certain defects; here, then, is a duty so near, so palpable, I must work and overcome; the evil is conquered. Meanwhile circumstances change about me, when lo! a new conflict arises with the new condition of things! I have slain the 'Hivite,' but must I not also the 'Hittite?'

"Thus, step by step, we are led in the regeneration. If we are discouraged, there cometh a whisper of blessing to those who overcome. If impatient of the tardy progress of those on the same march, there ringeth out, too clearly to be misunderstood, the words, 'These forty years have I not led thee, and proved thee in the wilderness.' Erring in my own progress, do I not hope, nay, rest in the belief that the 'recording angel as he hands it in, will drop a tear upon it, and blot it out forever?' and shall I be so unmindful of the mighty struggle, between right and wrong, in the hearts of others, as not to hope for them also, even though they combat less bravely than I?

"We all start upon the race of life with our faces towards the earth. It is a state which has its uses, and in it we are permitted to rest for a period; but because simply a natural condition, it must of necessity come to an end. Through much that is hard to bear, that seems cruel at the time, we suffer ourselves to be lifted. Permanently, the eye that looks down or along the verge of its own level, finds no rest; it turns with heart-hunger at last, to 'the hills from whence cometh our strength.' Then only are its wants really met."

NOTES ON CERTAIN FORMS OF SPIRITUALISM, addressed to the members of the "New Church." With some remarks on a recent obituary. London: William White, 36 Bloomsbury street. [36 pages, for sale in Boston by Otis Clapp, 3 Beacon Street.]

The author of this pamphlet gives us only his initials—"E. R."—understood to be those of Mr. Rich, a prominent member of the "New Church" (Swedenborgian) in England, and whose name is familiar to those acquainted with the literature of that body. It contains a defence of the character of the late James Knight, Esq., another prominent member of that communion, whose character was as aspersed in an obituary notice in one of the publications of the sect, in consequence of his having taken some interest in "Spiritualism, mesmerism, and clairvoyance." The defence is able, dignified and strong. In the part relating to Spiritualism, the writer specially lays out his strength--arguing that though the world is liable to run into follies and trivialities in spirit-intercourse, and though it may be perverted to the promulgation of error and impiety, yet spiritual gifts are the perpetual prerogative of the church, to be enjoyed and used for worthy ends, and for the advancement of truth. "Show me the church," he exclaims, "over whose portals you may boldly write '*Spiritualism disavowed*,' and I will show you the dry bones which lay in the valley before Ezekiel prophesied." We shall endeavor to transfer to our columns hereafter some portions of his argument. We would specially commend it to the perusal of those exclusive New Churchmen in this country, who imagine that "Swedenborg was allowed a peep into heaven, but that he afterwards locked the door and threw away the key!"

Spiritual Awakening in Ireland.

A Correspondent of the N. Y. *Courier and Enquirer*, writes from Dublin as follows:

"In the centre of County Antrim a movement is in progress which puzzles some and delights others. It began in the parish of Connor, extended to Ahoghie, 11thence to Ballymena, and now pervades the whole central part of the country. In many respects it resembles what we read of as taking place in many parts of America, under the name of 'Revivals.' Half a dozen persons are 'struck,' during the time of public worship; cry out under a deeply interesting conviction of sin; are prostrated in body for a time; are restored and enjoy 'peace.' This, often without anything unusually exciting in the sermon; often to the interruption of public worship; and this in several Protestant denominations. But, without this physical affection, and as the result of prayer meetings held by the laity, the feeling of distress on account of sin, followed by crying for mercy, and then a sense of high spiritual enjoyment, pervades thousands. The churches cannot contain the crowds that flock to worship; prayer meetings are held in the streets and fields; and a change has come over the morals of the whole country. Sabbath-profanation, card-playing, drunkenness, and general irreligion have given place to family worship, crowded churches, sobriety and religious decorum.

"The medical men are at fault, as to the cause of the physical convulsions—probably not taking a right estimate of the effect of mighty mental feeling, however produced, and in reference to whatever objects upon certain physical temperaments—and the Roman Catholic priests ascribe it to satanic agency, as all of their communion who have mingled in these assemblages, and come under this influence, have ceased to attend mass—but the Protestant clergy of all persuasions, rejoice in it, as a signal work of the spirit of God.

THE SUNBEAM promises us more communications soon from "Elijah the prophet," whose incomprehensible messages from the supernal world through that paper, suddenly ceased awhile since. It appears that he has been awaiting the further development of his medium. We are glad to observe that the venerable prophet has improved the orthography of his own name (he formerly spelled it Eligah) and trust he will succeed in giving us more intelligible English hereafter. Otherwise it seems a waste of labor for him to attempt to communicate to this skeptical sphere.

Afraid of Facts.

"Nothing is more evident to-day, (says Dr. Wilkinson, in his biography of Swedenborg,) than that the men of facts are afraid of a large number of important facts. All the spiritual facts, of which there are plenty in every age, are denounced as superstition. The best attested spirit stories are not well received by the scientific courtesy, which takes off its grave hat to a new beetle or a fresh vegetable alkaloid. Large winged science behaves worse to our ancestors than to our vermin. Evidence on spiritual subjects is regarded as an impertinence by the learned; so timorous are they, and so morbidly fearful of ghosts. If they were not afraid, they would investigate; but nature is to them a church-yard, in which they must whistle their dry tunes to keep up their courage. They should come to Swedenborg, who has made ghosts themselves into a science. As the matter stands, we are bold to say, that there is no class that so little follows its own rules of unceasing experiment and induction, or has so little respect for facts, as the hard-headed scientific men. They are attentive enough to a class of facts that nobody values—to beetles, spiders, and fossils—but not to those dear facts that common men and women, in all time and place, have found full of interest, wonder, or importance; they show them a deaf ear, and a callous heart. Science in this respect neglects its mission, which is to give us in knowledge a transcript of the world, and primarily of that world which is nearest and dearest to the soul.

I marvel how any christian man can deride revelations in the abstract: how he can deem that the day of wonder is past, unless God be passed: how he dares use phrases against Swedenborg, which applied more widely would shatter his Bible from his hands."

NEW BOOK BY A. J. DAVIS.—It is announced in the *Spiritual Telegraph*, that Mr. Davis, now sojourning in the west, is engaged in writing the Fifth Volume of the "Great Harmonia." It is expected that the book will be published in the coming fall or winter.

Boston and Vicinity.

Mr. Higginson on Spiritualism.

A very large auditory convened in Music Hall, on Sunday Morning last, to listen to a discourse from Rev. T. W. Higginson, on Spiritualism. Mr. H. introduced the exercises by reading a passage from the 2d Book of Esdras, in which was set forth the sentiment, "Great is Truth, and mighty above all things."

After the usual devotions, he proceeded to remark (speaking without notes), that Mr. Parker, before his illness; had repeatedly requested him to occupy his desk, and speak on the subject of Modern Spiritualism, but the opportunity to do so had never offered itself. Recently he had received a special invitation to the same effect, from the committee of the society, which he should now comply with. He seldom brought the subject before a public audience of his own accord, but he never shrunk from it when called upon. He knew too much of it to do that. He was aware of the fanaticism of Spiritualists, and of anti-Spiritualists also. In view of the mighty and unprecedented influence it was having upon the community, he felt the responsibility of carefully discriminating between truth and falsehood. He did not expect to escape being called a fanatic himself—he only hoped to escape *being* one. Even Sir Isaac Newton, who was one of the most careful, laborious and exact investigators of physical science, was denounced and satirized in his time as a careless and incompetent observer.

The subject was too large to be treated in a single discourse; he would attempt to present only its logical outline.

There are four prominent theories on the subject—one of the first three of which must be accepted by all anti-Spiritualists: 1st, The theory of Imposture; 2d, the Mesmeric or Odylic theory; 3d, the Satanic; 4th, the Spiritual.

That first is that of the Harvard Professors; the second that of partial investigators; the third that of the Roman Church. Those who adopt the first do not see the facts at all; those who take the second see them wrong end to; those who believe the third see them upside down.

A thorough skepticism is the necessary and proper position of every man at the threshhold of investigation. It is wise so long as it stands at the threshhold, but wrong so soon as it operates to prevent inquiry. It is the position out of which all Spiritualists have grown. The most staunch believers have been the most thorough doubters. The means of removing this skepticism is personal observation of the facts—though it is not necessary that every inquirer should personally witness or experience all the phenomena in order to a rational conviction, any more than you need to be personally knocked down by lightning in order to believe in the power of electricity. All science rests on human testimony. No scientific man can personally test the half that he believes. All preconceived theories are nothing to the observation of one pair of human eyes. As an illustration, the speaker stated that when he was in the Azores he observed a curious phenomenon, the full scientific import of which he did not at the time understand. It was of a species of fish which bored holes about three inches deep into the rock, and there made its habitation. On mentioning this to Prof. Agassiz, he was assured that this was unknown to science, and contrary to all that was before known of the habits of that species of fish. Yet he accredited the testimony and accepted the fact, to the correction of his previous theory. So in Spiritualism he had seen solid bodies move without contact, had seen a pencil rise and write on paper without a visible hand, had seen and heard sentences rapped out on solid substances without visible instrumentality, and of such a nature as to prove the agency of an unseen mind. Science has no right to deny such testimony. Thousands of others were ready give the same.

No explanation of such facts, other than the spiritual one, had been offered that would for a moment satisfy any careful observer of them.—If the faith of any had been destroyed by the so-called "exposures" of these phenomena, this only proved that they had no right to believe; for these exposures do not at all touch the real facts. The only scientific man, among all with whom he had conversed on the subject, who professed any ability to explain such facts, was Prof. Agassiz; and he promised to do it in the long-expected Report of the Harvard Committee then to be issued within two months. But more than a year had elapsed and it had not yet appeared.

The theory of imposture, then, is insufficient, because it ignores the most substantial facts.

The hypothesis of "Mesmerism" and "Odylic Force," were then received, and shown to be equally futile, because they do not account for the plain and obvious proofs of the agency of intelligent minds independent of those in the body.

The Satanic theory was considered the grossest blasphemy against God, in that it represented Him as having let loose legions of devils to wreak their malice upon humanity, without an angel or a glorified friend to interpose.

There is no stopping short of the theory which recognizes the agency of disembodied spirits.

The speaker explained at some length the difficulties and imperfections of communication; remarking that, as in the case of the Atlantic Telegraph, if one genuine word had been transmitted, the *fact* of communication had been settled forever, and the remedy of its imperfections is only a question of time. He admitted the follies of some believers in Spiritualism, but was confident that its influence, on the whole, was greatly for good,—in raising the sinful and sensual to piety and purity, the narrow and bigoted to liberality, the sorrowing and hopeless to joy and comfort. To himself it had brought new joys, new hopes, and imparted a new meaning and dignity to life. He closed with an earnest appeal to Spiritualists to commend it to the world by true and noble lives.

THE PLANCHETTE.—A neatly constructed instrument called a *Planchette* is much in vogue among the Spiritualists in Paris for facilitating communications in writing through physical mediums. A few of these implements, manufactured from a sample brought from France by Dr. Gardner, have been placed on sale. Persons desiring to experiment with them and test what advantage may be derived from their use can procure them at Bela Marsh's, 14 Bromfield st., Boston.

New York and Vicinity.

Conference at the Lyceum, Clinton Hall, Astor Pace,

TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE 12st.

Question: What constitutes Freedom, and what are its laws?

Dr. ORTON: According to the common opinion of the world, if a man is not oppressed by the government under which he lives; if he is left at liberty to follow out his own monitions in the pursuit of happiness; to pursue agriculture, commerce, law, physic or divinity at his will; to devote himself to learning or the arts; to follow out the track of his loves and his ambition, in the struggle for wealth, fame and pleasure, he is a free man. Such, without doubt, is the common idea of mankind as to what constitutes freedom. It is very well. In all these things a man should be free; and still, possessing all these, it is yet possible for him to be a slave. It is even possible for him, though dispossessed of them all, to be still, in every permanently essential particular, a free man. What, then, is it to be free? It is to come in harmony with the laws of one's being, so that no desire shall be felt that it is not lawful to gratify; so that each impulse of the heart may flow out in spontaneous acts and uses, good for him, good for all.—Such a man is truly free. With all his powers engaged, he is just filling the place for which he was created; there is no restraint upon him, his feelings, his thoughts or his acts, for all his tastes and desires are in exact accordance with the place he occupies; nor does he want, for every want is met.

The laws to be observed in the attainment of this freedom, are those relating to the several planes of man's life. Externally, they are temperance in all things, a due amount of labor, rest, food, clothing, etc., and no more. Among certain classes, more suffer and perish from lack of exercise than from all other causes combined; exercise, especially of the arms, which are so intimately connected with the grand vital organs. On the plane of mind, these laws require pursuits fitted to the genius of the individual. On the moral plane, that he shall do no wrong, subdue his appetites and passions, his avarice and ambition. On the plane of the feelings, that he love all things well, God supremely, and his neighbor as himself; that he do not suffer the religious part of his nature to lie fallow, but like the returning prodigal, find out his Father and be at peace with him. Such a man is alone truly free. He is bound by the laws of his being, but in them finds his freedom. He is the good soldier on all planes. Being free himself, he finds his pleasure in making others free—free and good; free as individuals, and free when combined as nations.

Dr. REYNOLDSON: He was happy to agree with Dr. Orton. Cowper has expressed the same sentiment: "'Tis truth alone makes free." The same is taught by the great exemplar, Christ. Still, in free America there remain external bonds to be removed. Traveling in South Carolina he found it necessary to feed his horse, and having done so, found that he had unconsciously subjected himself to fine and imprisonment by the act. He had procured the food from a colored man. In North Carolina, on another occasion, having given a lecture at Reynoldson, a town of his own name, he ascertained that he had laid himself liable to a fine of $100 for not having first procured a permit. Such laws are not laws of freedom, but are calculated to repress the development of man's higher powers.

Dr. GRAY: What are the conditions of freedom? Here is a paradox. Freedom is greatest where obligation is closest. The human soul is only free when it has found its plane of use, and is bound fast in the chain of eternal love. Look at the diamond. Take the carbon and add to it the water and force of crystalization, and it is brought out into its use. It is then in its freedom and delight. Dissintegrate it, and you destroy it. The same is true with man. Bring him into the highest condition of love to God and man, and he is free. Thus we can see how the Deity himself is happy. Bound to the universe and to us his children, with no opposing forces, he is free, and accordingly happy. The happiest woman is the one who is most closely bound to her husband in conjugal love. The happiest patriot, he who is most closely wedded to his country. Men have considered that freedom consisted in the dissolution of law, and Spiritualists have fallen into this error. It is not freedom to be set free from our obligations to others, to be dissolved into individuality and dissoluteness of life. The bondage of an oppressor, of a slave, is an artificial binding which removes him from his uses. Liberty is the expression of the soul in external use, and one can only be free as he comes into the proper order of his life. The expression of Pope, "Binding nature fast in fate, left free the human will," used to give him infinite perplexity. He had been troubled all his life to reconcile to himself the idea of man's freedom. It is clearer in his mind now. Divine Providence by these girdings of fate, will finally bring us all into freedom. Out of bondage freedom comes. He is willing to accept the doctrine of John Calvin, that God has ordained whatsoever comes to pass, only he does not find eternal damnation at the other end of the rope. The dissolute man is defeating his own freedom, as far as it is possible for the finite to defeat the Infinite.

Mr. INNIS: He would illustrate the idea of freedom in bondage, of which Dr. Gray had spoken. Externally we are not free, and so can only look for freedom within. The key-note to this is the theological idea of being true to one's self. He accepts the doctrines of Christ. To these he is bound, and in living up to them, is free. The only way that a man can be free is to place himself in bondage to the will of God.

Mr. SWACKHAMMER: He has a theory of freedom, and when acting in it, is free and happy, and miserable when he deserts it. Many Spiritualists talk much of Christ; he would like to see his teachings carried out. Much time had been spent in discussing the question whether angels eat, wear clothing, etc. Here, we know, men must eat and be clothed. Look at the teachings of Christ, which bid us continually to look after the external wants of our fellow men, to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked, and take care of the sick. Why do we not follow these precepts? By unitary effort and combination of labor, the condition of mankind may be greatly improved. Many men and women, by a little aid and encouragement, may be enabled to get on successfully in life. An experiment of this kind is now being tried in New York, at 683 Broadway, and he hoped it would have the sympathy of the friends. All high human development must be based on the supplying of man's physical necessities. From this we can pass to his moral relations, and aid him upward until he stands on the plane trod by Jesus of Nazareth.

Dr. HALLOCK: There is a great agreement among the speakers. Start from where we will, we arrive at the same point. Freedom is not limited to externals. In its important aspects it may be enjoyed by the slave in bonds, and by those on beds of pain. Freedom may be defined to be entire self-possession. While it is possible for a man to be annoyed, he is not free. Just so far as he is disturbed by anything, so far is he a slave to that thing. Entire self-possession would place us on that Divine plane spoken of by Dr. Orton.

Dr. GOULD: According to some of the speakers, the highest forms of liberty may be enjoyed in bondage. This, he deemed rather metaphysical. The subjugation of our physical nature to its proper laws, has a powerful effect in emancipating the moral nature. Laws are for the vicious. But if we are to follow friend Orton on to his higher plane, we get beyond law, and of course are free. The question seemed to him an impracticable one.

Dr. GRAY: The question, in his view, was the most practical possible. It comes very near to every human being. It is the application of the philosophy of uses. Take a muscle, it is only free when bound closest, with all its accompanying beads, strands and ligaments. It is only free when performing its legitimate uses. Sever a tendon attached to it, and its operation becomes painful and imperfect. And thus it is with physical health, which is only to be found in the industrious prosecution of that course of life, those uses, for which God has fitted man. Many flee from their legitimate work, from the field to which their genius inclines them, on the plea that they are overtasked; but if they can ever enjoy health at all it will be found in the prosecution of those pursuits for which Providence designed them. Law is simply a method of operation; and God's law, his method of operation.

Mr. FOWLER read a close analytical paper on the question, arguing substantially with the other speakers, but to which no justice could be done in a brief abstract.

Dr. GRAY made a call for facts.

Dr. HALLOCK responded: The impression has become general that physical manifestations are passing away, but he had recently attended one or two circles—what are called dark circles—at Mr. Conklin's, where the phenomena had been revived. Several persons were present, enough to completely fill the small table. On the table were placed a guitar and two dinner horns, and all took hold of hands. Soon these articles commenced moving. His nose was for some time manipulated by one of the horns as delicately as though it had been a feather. The guitar was thummed, and then disappeared from the table, and re-appeared under the table, though it seemed quite impossible for it to get there, so closely were the party seated. The instrument was then thummed under the table. Attempts were also made to speak through the horns, but with no intelligible success.—During these experiments he had hold of one of Mr. Conklin's hands, and another gentleman the other, and all declared that they had nothing to do with the production of the phenomena. On another occasion, the manifestations were similar, with the addition of touches by an apparently human hand. He was touched repeatedly, and another gentleman of the circle at the same time. The touches were simultaneous. This occurred when all had hold of hands. In his case, the hand that was touched was lying on the table, with one of Conklin's across it. The guitar poised itself on one of his fingers, and remained there with a pretty hard pressure. Between the instrument and Conklin's hand, was a space of several inches, and in this space his hand was several times grasped by a thumb and two fingers. It was no glove, but a veritable hand. The feel was soft, and of a higher temperature than his own hand.

Mr. FELTON: At Oswego, recently the spirits played tunes at call on a guitar which was placed under the table. It was in good light.—There were fifty persons in the room. From the precautions taken, in his judgment, it was not possible that the instrument could have been played by a human hand.

J. R. O.

Correspondence.

Dedication at Middle Granville.

MIDDLE GRANVILLE, N. Y., JUNE 18th, 1859.

EDITORS AGE:—As you are aware, I started from your city on Monday morning, 13th inst., en route for this place, to attend the dedication of a "Free House." Fourteen hours' time brought me to this quiet little town, situated among the hills of Eastern N. Y., 14 miles south west of Rutland, Vt. I found that, instead of being one day late, as I expected to be, I was (because of a mistake in the notice in the *Banner*) one day in advance of the time appointed; yet not too early, for I enjoyed very much the spare day with the friends, and became well rested for the labors to come.

The house in question, like many others, I found to be indirectly the result of religious bigotry. It seems that Miss Frances Davis, a well-known and worthy trance-speaker visited this place last December, and gave a course of lectures creating much feeling. There was no suitable place for lectures of such character, (the churches being closed) and the people wishing more of the new Gospel, resolved to build for themselves a house. On the 6th of May, 1859, the work commenced in earnest, and June 14th the house was finished.

It is centrally and very pleasantly located—a plain, well-finished, well-proportioned wooden structure, moderate in its size, affording accommodations for four hundred persons. As you enter, on the right, a tablet suspended from the wall presents to you as a motto, "Love, Truth, Charity," and on the left, as a result of these, standing forth upon another tablet is "Freedom, Justice, Equality;" while over the speaker's stand another tablet tells you that the house is "Dedicated to *Humanity.*" It stands as a pledge—one of the first few that have been given—of confidence in human worth. May it not be the last.

THE MEETINGS.

At the time appointed for opening the meeting, we found the house filled with *men and women*, with a group of free minds to give forth their thoughts to entertain them. An excellent choir furnished appropriate music, and (as the ponies usually lead) it fell to the lot of your chronicler to give the opening address, in which it was argued that "individual effort was the lever whereby the condition of humanity has been and is to be raised.

In the afternoon, the stand was occupied by Mr. Joel Tiffany, who, in his own clear way, talked to the people of "Humanity"—what it was, its wants, and its means of obtaining the requisite supplies, &c., and by Rev. H. P. Cutting, of Castleton, Vt., (Universalist) who made some happy remarks for the occasion.

In the evening, Bro. Cutting spoke of "Our Sources of Strength," displaying most forcibly resources that but few have realized. To the conservative it was truly a *cutting* discourse, and deserves a circulation through the press.

This closed the first day of our glad meeting; and, as far as I know, none were unsatisfied with the result.

SECOND DAY.—At nine o'clock we met in social conference, in which Bro. Cutting, Bro. John Landon, of Rutland, Vt., and the writer participated as speakers, and the whole congregation in some expressions. The Rev. Mr. Balch of Ludlow, Vt., then took the stand, and after the usual preliminaries of the Universalist order, delivered a discourse upon a passage of Scripture referring to the tower of Babel, the confusion of tongues, etc. He took the Universalist view of the subject, reminding the Rationalist, the Philosopher and the Spiritualist, that they could not reason themselves very far on the way to heaven, but must adopt an example to follow, that example being Christ; we must all travel in one road, etc.—if we did not, we were like unto the builders of Babel. He did not believe his mother would tip over a table—yet he believed she lived. He was referring touchingly to her, and to incidents of his early days in which she was a participant, when a medium came forward, and approached the stand, addressing him as "son," the controlling intelligence claiming to be his mother, embraced the speaker, and, apparently, much affected, took a seat upon the stand, where he remained remained quietly until the discourse was closed.

The manifestation created considerable interest, but no confusion. The medium is a man well-known and much praised for unassuming disposition and honesty of representation. The discourse was well uttered, and had a good effect upon the audience.

We met again at two o'clock P. M. Bros. Landon and Cutting occupied a half hour in remarks; when Bro. J. F. Walker of Glens Falls, known as the President of the Rutland Convention, took the stand to deliver the dedication discourse. The house was to be dedicated to Humanity, with "Love, Truth, and Charity" upon the one hand, "Freedom, Justice, Equality" upon the other. The discourse was one of much power, and characterized by a spirit of liberality which when prevalent will prove a blessing to mankind.

In the evening the writer was called upon to speak on "The Facts and Philosophy of Spiritualism."

Thus closed the exercises of the occasion, which was indeed "a good time." The house stands dedicated to the use of Humanity; where he who works for noble ends can speak and be heard. Much credit is due to the *few* who have so manfully struggled to build it, and will still labor on to ensure its usefulness. Among these may be mentioned Mrs. Eliza Blossom, C. H. Bull, V. P. Slocum, Samuel Thomas, Stephen Wing, and R. D. King, and others.

I remain here to speak to-morrow; then go to Rutland, and thence return to Mass., I hope, in season to enjoy with many, a pleasant day at Sterling Junction on the 23d. Yours truly,

F. L. WADSWORTH.

The Pic Nic at Sterling, Mass.

STIRLING, June 24, 1859.

FRIEND NEWTON:—Notwithstanding the lowering and threatening aspect of the weather, which doubtless prevented many from partaking of the feast of love and wisdom, enjoyed at the Methodist camp ground, yesterday, a goodly assemblage of four or five hundred Spiritualists and others, mostly willing listeners to its utterances, were there. Friends were present from Worcester, Fitchburg, Groton, Leominster, Princeton, Berlin, Marlboro', Lancaster, Shirley, Pepperell, and many other places too numerous to mention,—indeed from "all the region round about." The exercises were enlivened by the music of one of the best choirs, chiefly from East Princeton, which ever matched their notes with the songsters of the grove. The only thing that occurred to mar the harmony of the occasion, grew out of the anxiety of the leaders to preserve it. The same as often occurs in smaller circles where one of the essential conditions of harmony is that you feel no *anxiety* about it.—Here was so much anxiety, that the leader was prompted to suppress the free utterances of two or three good brothers, whose hair and beards bore no evidences of fashionable trim or cut, and whose speech was not rounded into periods, or fashioned into sentences, according to the received standard, even before the meeting was called to order. Many of the oldest reformers and best Spiritualists felt this to be an error.—But it did not harm, as it taught us all wisdom, and gave occasion for one of brother Moody's pointed and practical lessons which made everybody feel both stronger and better.

So this slight interruption to the enjoyment of the occasion was itself quietly interrupted and everything passed off very pleasantly. The meeting was addressed by F. L. Wadsworth, Dr. Barron, Sarah A. Magoun, Ed. L. Cumings, Eb. F. Martin, Lorenzo D. Grosvener, L. Tompkins, I. L. Cragin, Loring Moody and others.

On the whole the occasion was one of great profit and pleasure to all present, and the only regret is, that more were not there to enjoy it.

It was voted to hold another meeting in the same place in August or September when it is hoped the summer will be so far advanced as to give those present a good sunshine, and a correspondingly large gathering.

L.

A High Valuation.

A correspondent (J. W.) residing at Fort Madison, Iowa, while visiting St. Lous recently, went to hear Mrs. Middlebrook (formerly Mrs. Henderson of Conn.,) give a trance discourse. He says:

"Soon a very intelligent audience of four or five hundred collected. The lady arose calmly and quietly from her seat, with her eyes closed, stepped forward to the stand, and made a short, appropriate, and most beautiful invocation. She then took up the subject of discourse and handled it in the most masterly manner. I was charmed, delighted, instructed. So all seemed to be. One gentleman who possesses a highly cultivated, philosophic mind, told me the next day, that the morning and evening lectures were worth to him fully two hundred dollars. 'I am no Spiritualist,' said he, 'but that lady's lectures, though I don't know her, and never spoke to her, are well worth one hundred dollars each to me.' I will not attempt to report her—it cannot be done from memory."

Our correspondent adds that Mrs. M. has been invited to Fort Madison, where the fields are white for the harvest.

Spiritual and Psychical Phenomena.

Spirit Communications.

FRIEND NEWTON:—The following communications through the hand of Mrs. R. C. Westgate, of Wareham, purport to be from Dr. Channing. Mrs. Westgate is a writing medium, and though a woman of excellent qualities both of head and heart, is, I think, wholly incapable, in her normal state, of writing such articles. I am not sufficiently acquainted with the writings of Channing to decide whether the matter or manner of the articles correspond to the one or the other of the reputed author. I hand them to you; and if of sufficient interest for publication, you and your readers may settle all such points for yourselves. I will also leave the Trinitarians to meet and dispose of the short method here used against two of their dogmas, as best they can. I have no personal interest in such barren controversies now. The desire of my heart, and the end of my labors, is to see my fellow men individually and socially harmonized, so that I may indeed see the kingdom of God come, and his will be done in earth, as in heaven.

Yours for earnest work, LORING MOODY.

COMMUNICATIONS.

There is no way in which a bad man can become a good man, except by his personal acts. A bad man cannot become a good man without progression, that is without obedience to God's laws. Accordingly, in the first sermon Christ delivered, he pronounced blessings on the humble, the meek, the pure in heart, the merciful, the peacemakers, assured them that the kingdom of heaven was theirs. These things were not the merits of Christ. They were personal qualities, which fitted them for the happiness of heaven.

There is no such thing mentioned in the scriptures as being saved by the merits of Christ.

There is no intimation that the merits of Christ, whatever they might have been, can by any possibility become the merits of any other person.

Merit is a thing which can no more be transferred than personal identity. If merit could be transferred from one person to another, then this world, as a scene of probation might be dispensed with. Salvation must either be arbitrary or universal. According to this account all that would be necessary to be done for the worst of men, when he leaves the world, is for the merits of Christ to be set to his account, and then his condition would be as good as that of the best.

Christ never made mention of any such plan of salvation as that.—He made no promises of the transfer of his personal merits to his followers.

He did not come to substitute reliance on his merits, in the place of obedience to God's Law.

"Think not" said he in the same discourse, "that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets. I am not come to destroy but to fulfil." Does this look like being saved by the merits of Christ. He winds up this enumeratton of Christian virtues by saying, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Now it cannot be said that God is perfect by any other righteousness except his own, and if man is perfect by Christ's merits, then his perfection is not of the same kind as God. The perfection of God had just been specified: "For he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and unjust." Reconciliation is a voluntary act, and can be brought about only by persuasion. Christ was a teacher.—His whole mission was teaching, in its largest sense. His death was the consequence of his teaching, and of his assumption of the office of the Messiah.

The faith which he claimed from his disciples had nothing to do with his nature. It was that he had been sent by God, and instructed and empowered to do what he did, and teach what he taught. That teaching was his principal office, he more than once asserted. "I am come a light into the world, that whosoever believeth on me should not walk in darkness."

The most common accusation made against Spiritualists is, that they do not believe the Bible, This is no new charge, as brought by one Chirstian denomination against another. It is often, and very easily, said by one controversialist against another that he is an infidel, or an unbeliever—and the charge generally amounts to this, that one denies what the other believes. Each insists on the particular doctrine which he makes prominent as the great central truth of the Gospel, and says, and perhaps thinks, that his opponent, if he denies that, might as well deny the whole Gospel. This is precisely the case in the present instance. It is said that you do not believe in Christ. This is an equivocal expression. It may mean, that you do not believe that any such person ever lived. It may mean, that you put no confidence in what he said, that he was not what he pretended to be, or what his disciples afterwards pretended he had been. It may mean, and does mean, that you do not believe that he was God. The whole question as to what is a true faith in Christ turns upon the question, whether he was God or not.

In order to settle this question we must refer you to the scriptures and enquire what the Apostles believed concerning him. The first convert to a belief in Christ was Peter. And what was his confession of faith? According to Matthew, it was—"Thou art Christ, the son of the living God." And what meant Peter by this? The very phrase does not assert; but denies, Deity. A son of God cannot be God, for three reasons; 1st, because he is derived; 2d, because he cannot be eternal; and 3d, because he must be separate from God. But so far is the second clause, "the son of the living God," from making an important part of Peter's confession of faith, that the other two Evangelists who have related this confession, Mark and Luke, have left it out altogether. Mark records that he merely said, "Thou art the Christ," and Luke, "The Christ of God." The meaning of *Christ* is *anointed.* The anointed of God cannot be God. Peter, after the resurrection of Christ, was sent by especial commission to convert Cornelius, and teach him the principles of religion; and the faith which he propounds to Cornelius concerning Christ is this:—"How God annointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power; who went about doing good, and healing all that were diseased; for God was with him."

The anointing of Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power did not prove him to be God. Had he been God, he would not have needed, nor could he have received, such an anointing. Neither do crucifixion and being raised from the dead agree with the supposition that Christ was God.

Now this is precisely the Spiritualists' belief concerning Jesus of Nazareth, — that God anointed him with the Holy Ghost and with power, endowed him with that transcendant and unapproachable wisdom which he exhibited, and gave him the supernatural knowledge that he possessed, communicated to him the sublime and perfect doctrine that he taught, and sealed his mission by the miracles which he performed; and when the Jews and the Romans had murdered him upon the cross, raised him from the dead and showed him to his disciples, that they might be the witnesses of these stupendous events on which Spiritualism is founded, to that and all succeeding ages.

Such, then, are the views of Spiritualists with respect to Jesus of Nazareth. They do not believe Christ died to appease God's wrath; do not believe he died to satisfy the claims of the broken law. Spiritualists believe that he died in order to give power and efficiency to the gospel. The true Spiritualist hopes to be saved, not by his own merits, nor by the merits of Christ, but by the free, unbought, spontaneous mercy of God, of which boundless and unchangeable love the mission and death of Christ are an expression and a manifestation. CHANNING.

REMARKS.—We should judge that the sentiments set forth in these communications were such as the revered Channing maintained while in this life; at least, they are those generally held by the body in which he was ranked—the Unitarians. Whether from him or not, they are certainly expressed with a clearness and force seldom characterising productions through mediums. We do not give them place, however, because we entirely agree with them. We should have supposed that so devout and and truth-loving a soul as Channing would ere this have attained to somewhat broader views then are here indicated—such indeed, as would have enabled him to recognize the truth in both the Unitarian and Trinitarian platform.

While it is true that in the nature of things the *merits* of one person cannot by any possibility be transferred to another, in the sense that property is transferred, yet it is also true that the merits or "righteousness" of the Christ may be possessed by all who are actuated by the same pure and unselfish spirit, and perform the same loving and righteous acts, which he did. And this spirit may be imparted, or infused, from the ever-living Jesus into all hearts that are receptive to it? It is furthermore true that no one can be "saved" from the miseries of selfishness and sin except they live the Christ-life; or, in other words, except through the "righteousness of Christ."

So as regards the old question of the Deity of "the Son of God,"—with due respect to the communicating spirit, we would say that *our* spiritualism enables us to see how a "Son of God" *can* be in a true sense "God Himself"—innsmuch as God imparts Himself to, dwells in, and acts through the inmosts of all his children, in the degree that, by regeneration, they become "partakers of the Divine nature," which is universal Love.

Controversies on these topics, especially when based upon the mere *letter* of the ancient record, are "barren" indeed.

We see little use in fighting over these old battles of the sects. But if spirits can help us to broader views and a deeper insight into the eternal principles of Spiritual truth and life we most cordially welcome their aid.—ED.

A Test.

A lady residing in this city came into our office last week, and gave us the following account of inquiries through Mr. L. L. Farnsworth which most effectually sets aside all clairvoyant and mental reflex theories in explanation of this matter. The lady is well-known here and elsewhere, and occupies a position in society of the highest respectability. The facts were definitely stated as follows:

Desiring to test Mr. Farnsworth's medium powers, she made a memorandum of several questions to submit to be answered by a spirit, and placed them in a portfolio and locked it up in a wardrobe to remain until such time as she could arrange and copy them in a letter. On the day following, Mr. Farnsworth was controlled to write, and yielding to the influence, wrote off a communication for the lady above referred to, which he called and delivered. The lady took the letter, and on reading it, found that it contained perfect answers to her inquiries which she had written, the previous day, and from the spirit she had addressed. The correspondence has been submitted to Rev. John Pierpont and others who are willing vouchers for the facts as we have stated them. Were it not for the personal character of the correspondence we should have it. Any one, however, who may desire to know more about the matter may learn the address of the lady by calling on us.—*Buffalo Sunbeam.*

Spirit Admonition.

Among several instances of spirit intervention mentioned in a letter from Julia A. Sumner, Prophetstown, Ill., to the *Spiritual Telegraph*, is the following:

On the morning of February 3d, about three o'clock, I was aroused by the *touch* of a spirit hand upon my face, and the words "Fire! fire! fire!" were spoken loud and distinct. I immediately arose, and discovered a barrel (containing ashes) in the adjoining yard on fire, and the wind blowing hard. Nothing but this timely admonition could have saved my sister's and my own house, they being but a few feet apart, and but limited advantages to be had from the use of water.

Various Items.

.... A benevolent old gentleman used to give away wood to the poor by the cord, in order, as he said, to have it *re*-corded above.

.... Somebody says in a New York paper, the conversion of a South Sea Islander is an easy matter compared to the redemption of a Fifth avenue heathen, but the tougher the job the greater the glory.

.... An exchange says—"The Pope is said to look most placidly on the present war." Good old man! how he must he enjoy seeing his beloved Catholics devouring each other!

.... A woman who was detected in an infamous crime in Syracuse, N. Y., states in a conversation with her minister, that "she had entertained a hope in Christ for several years past."

.... In some of the Southern cities colored persons are not allowed to ride through the streets on the Sabbath, the only exception being in favor of ministers supposed to be on their way to church. We are sorry to add that white neckcloths are in great demand.

.... SUNDAY WORK.—The great battle in Italy was fought on Saturday and Sunday, the 4th and 5th inst. On the Sabbath day between two and three hundred thousand men were engaged in destroying each other's lives, and desolating the fair face of nature with the havoc of war. Between twenty and thirty thousand men were killed and wounded.

.... The Archbishop of Vienna has fulminated a denunciation of Louis Napoleon and the King of Sardinia, whom he declares to be enemies of the church, of good order, of vested rights, and in fact of almost everything in the smallest degree respectable. *Per contra*, the Archbishop of Paris has blessed the arms of the French legions departing for Italy, and prayers are offering up in all the French churches for their triumph over their Austrian enemies. The question is, which side will be favored by the Celestial Powers, or will both come in for a share of the punishment? We incline to the latter view.

.... Miss Elizabeth Story of Medina, Ill., fell into a trance a few days since, which her friends thought was death, and made preparations for her funeral, but previous to the ceremony she awoke. She refuses all description of her feelings while in the trance.

.... The priests, Dayman and Camps, who have been indulging in a little rebellion against Archbishop Hughes of New York, publish cards in the New York papers begging the pardon of that august prelate for their contumacy in the most bumble terms. Mr. Camps, in his card asks "pardon and indulgence for the trouble which he has given to enlightened and timid consciences, and to the Most Reverend Prelate, with the profoundest humiliation and submission, offered as to Jesus Christ himself, whom he adores in the sublime dignity of the most Reverend Archbishop of New York."

.... EVIDENCE OF CIVILIZATION.—The Minnesota papers say that the Indians in that part of the country are becoming rapidly civilized; all those in the neighborhood of the settlement are drinking, chewing tobacco, lying, stealing and swearing equal to white men; and the other day a young squaw committed suicide by hanging herself on account of disappointment in love.

Obituary Notices.

PASSED ON.—At the residence of his son (Eleazer Hubbard) on the 25th of May, Mr. Elijah Hubbard, in the 93rd year of his age. He went to the spirit-world like a ripened shock,—as a man should go.—In his last moments he seemed to realize the presence of the loved one gone before, as he reached his hands lovingly upward, and thus gave evidence of the joy of going *home.* He lived long, and was respected as a useful man in this world—a good husband, a kind father, brother and neighbor. May we all learn a lesson from his uncomplaining nature. He was never sick, and was able to do everything for himself up to the time of his death, even to the shaving of his face. Mr. Simmons attended his funeral at the church in our place. We cherish his memory.

F. H.

At the residence of her parents, Gordin and Elizabeth Hibbard, of E. Brookfield, Mrs. Mary H. Wills, wife of Ezra Wills, of W. Braintree, Vt. A funeral discourse was delivered through Miss Z. Pratt, of Braintree; *Subject*—"And the angel came and led her away."

THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

BOSTON, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO, JULY 2, 1859.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—M C Hoyt, L Potter, G Geer, E N Talmadge, A F V, J Sanborn, E M Marshall, A Bird, F L Wadsworth, J French, H O Stone, E Wills, H H Waldo, L Finney, H DeLong, W Brown, J Safford, C C York, J Calkins, J A Devens, L Moody, A Hitchings, T B Winn, J Mayhew, B Newkirk.

SPECIAL AND PERSONAL.

The New England Union University Association

Will hold a convention in Lowell on the 5th and 6th of July, for the purpose of locating their University. All who are interested in the education of the rising generation are invited to attend. Railroad tickets for the convention will be for sale at half price by BELA MARSH, Dr. Gardner and at the *Banner of Light* office.

A. B. CHILD, Sec.

Spiritualists' Convention at Plymouth, Mass.

A Spiritualists' Convention will be holden in Plymouth, Mass., on the 5th, 6th and 7th days of August, 1859. The friends of Spiritualism from all parts of the country are cordially invited to attend. Judge Edmonds, Gov. Talmadge, Prof. Brittan, A. J. Davis, Emma Hardinge, Mrs. Hatch, Miss Sprague, and other eminent speakers, are by this notice specially invited, and it is hoped that they will be present.

This early notice of the Convention is published to give those at a distance an opportunity to bring Plymouth into their arrangements of summer travel. The spot where our fathers first trod the soil of this continent is an interesting and delightful place to enjoy a few days or weeks of relaxation from business cares. A full notice of the arrangements will be published in due time.

Dr. H. F. GARDNER has accepted an invitation to preside over the Convention.

Bartlett Ellis, Charles B. Irish, Bradford Barnes, Joseph Rider, Southworth Barnes, Clement Bates, John Battles, Richard B. Dunham, Benjamin H. Crandon, Ichabod Morton, Edwin Morton, Robert Cowing, Putnam Kimball, Edmund Robbins, Frederick W. Robbins, John G Gleason, Thomas Churchill, Miss Lizzie Doten, Mrs. Mary F. Churchill, Mrs. John D. Churchill, Mrs. Bartlett Ellis, Miss Charlotte Allen.

☞ Tickets will be furnished at the Old Colony Depot, in Boston, during the four days of the Convention, for HALF PRICE, entitling the holder to a passage in any of the regular trains to Plymouth and back.

Miss EMMA HARDINGE will conclude her summer engagements at Oswego, Buffalo, Owego, Schenectady, &c. In September, she starts for the West, North and South, speaking in October in St. Louis, in November in Memphis, Tenn., in December in New Orleans, and returning to Philadelphia in March, 1860. Address till September at 8 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BENJAMIN DANFORTH will answer calls to preach on Ancient and Modern Spiritualism synonymous with the Gospel of Christ as he understands it. Address at Boston.

H. P. FAIRFIELD will speak at Putnam, Ct., on Sunday, June 19th; in Tolland June 26th; in Milford, N. H., July 3d; in Portland, Me., July 10th; Mystic, Conn., Sunday, July 17th; and in Great Works, Me., Aug. 7th. He expects to spend the month of August in Maine. Friends State wishing his services may address him at Greenwich Village, Mass.

F. L. WADSWORTH speaks at Marlboro', Mass., June 26th; Providence, R. I., July 3d; Willimantic, Conn., July 10th and 17th; Northampton, Mass., July 24th; Springfield, Mass., July 31st and Aug. 7th; Syracuse, N.Y., Aug. 28th; Oswego, Sept. 4th, 11th, 18th, 25th. All persons desiring his services on week evenings, can address him at the above named places, at the times designated.

MRS. FANNIE BURBANK FELTON will lecture in Philadelphia, on Sundays June 5th and 12th; in New York on Sunday June 19th; and in Norwich, Ct., June 26th, July 3d, 10th, 17th and 24th. Address, until June 15th, "Willard Barnes Felton, No. 813 Lombard St., Philadelphia, Penn." From June 15th until July 24th, "Norwich, Ct."

WARREN CHASE lectures in Chicago, Ill., 19th and 26th; Berlin, Ohio, (at a Grove Meeting) July 1st, 2d and 3d; Geneva, O., July 10th; Conneaut, Ohio, 13th and 14th; Buffalo, N. Y. 17th and 24th; Rochester, July 31st. The friends in New England who want him to lecture in the Fall should write him soon at the before-named times and places.

S. B. BRITTAN will lecture in Lowell, Mass., on Sunday, July 17th.

LORING MOODY will lecture as follows:—At Waltham, Mass., July 3d; N. Bridgewater, July 10th; Joppa Village, 11th; E. Bridgewater, 12th; W. Bridgewater, 13th; Raynham, 14th and 15th; E Taunton or Middleboro', Sunday, July 17th; Dartmouth Tues. and Wed. 19th and 20th; Fair Haven, Thurs. and Frid., 21 and 22; New Bedford, Sunday, 24th; Tremont, Tues. and Wed. 26th and 27th; Natick, Sunday, 31st. He will act as agent for the AGE and BANNER; and also answer calls to lecture. Address, Malden, Mass.

A. B. WHITING may be addressed at Lyons, Mich., till Aug. 15th.

Miss R. T. AMEDEY, 32 Allen street, Boston, Trance Speaking Medium, will answer calls for speaking on the Sabbath and at any other time the friends may desire. Address her at 32 Allen street, Boston. ☞ She will also attend funerals.

H. L. BOWKER, Natick, Mass., will give lectures on Spiritualism and its proofs, from intuition, for such compensation above expenses as generosity may prompt.

MRS. J. W. CURRIER will speak as follows:—Springfield, June 19th and 26th; Putnam, Conn., July 3d and 10th; Milford, N. H., 17th; East Stoughton, 24th; Foxboro', 31st. Address Lowell, Box 815.

G. B. STEBBINS speaks on Sundays through the year at Ann Arbor, Mich.; and will answer calls to lecture in that vicinity in the week.

N. FRANK WHITE will lecture through the month of June at St. Louis; and at Cincinnati through July; thence east. Any calls for week evenings can be addressed to him there; calls east of Cincinnati should be addressed him at St. Louis to give time for the appointments.

MRS. M. MACOMBER, trance-speaker, will receive calls to lecture. Address at Olneyville, R. I. 17—3m*

Miss A. W. SPRAGUE'S address through the month of June will be Plymouth, Vt., through July and August she will speak at Oswego, N. Y.

A. C. ROBINSON, trance-speaker, will receive calls to lecture. Address at Fall River, Mass.

Rev. JOHN PIERPONT will receive calls to speak on Spiritualism. Address, West Medford, Mass.

NOTICE.—Persons visiting Boston for a few days or longer, and preferring a private house to a public hotel, can find good accommodations at No. 5 Hayward Place, the most central and desirable part of the city.

PRIVATE COURSE OF INSTRUCTION

In Vital Electricity, Electro-Physiology, Animal Magnetism, Psychology, Mental Telegraphing, Etc.

The rapid progress of Spiritualism in this country has awakened a wide-spread and constantly increasing interest in those sciences which are founded on an observation of the phenomena and laws of the Imponderable Agents, and especially on their Relations to Vital Motion, to Sensation and to Thought, as well as to the several physiological and psychological changes they are capable of producing, illustrations of which are daily occurring in the ever-varying conditions and aspects of Human Nature.

In the judgment of the undersigned the present time calls for *A Course of Familiar Instruction* in which the important facts and essential principles involved in the subjects referred to may be properly classified, and so explained as to render them familiar to the common mind. Thus we may render our knowledge useful by such a practical application of the same as shall preserve the physical, mental and moral harmony of the individual.

To this end the undersigned will organize and instruct *Private Classes* wherever his services may be engaged for this purpose.

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Address S. B. BRITTAN, New York City, or Newark, N. J.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

MEETINGS AT No 14 BROMFIELD ST.—A Spiritualist meeting is held every Sunday morning, at 10 1-2 o'clock, and afternoon at 3. Conference in the evening at 8.

A Conference Meeting is held every Monday evening at 7 3-4 o'clock.

MEDIUMS IN BOSTON.

J. V. MANSFIELD, Medium for answering Sealed Letters, No. 3 Winter st., Boston (over G. Turnbull & Co.'s dry goods store). TERMS—Mr. M. charges a fee of $1 and four postage stamps for his efforts to obtain an answer. For $3 he will guarantee an answer, or return both letter and money in *thirty days from its reception.*—Visitors received on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. 18

Mrs. MARY A. RICKER, Trance Medium, Rooms, 145 Hanover St., Boston. Office hours from 9 A M to 6 P M. Private sittings 50 cts per hour. Residence, Parker St., (Caryville) Chelsea. 17—3m*

Mrs. BEAN, Writing and Test Medium. Circles on Tuesday and Friday evenings, for development and manifestations. No. 30 Eliot street.

Miss WATERMAN, Trance, Test and Writ

Interesting Miscellany.

THE RENDEZVOUS.—A FACT.

In the year 1785, some cadets were ordered to proceed from Madras to join their regiments up the country. A considerable part of the journey was to be made in a barge, and they were under the conduct of a senior officer, Major R—. In order to relieve the monotony of the voyage, this gentleman proposed, one day, that they should make a shooting excursion inland, and walk round to meet the boat at a point agreed on, which, owing to the windings of the river, it would not reach till evening. They accordingly took their guns, and as they had to cross a swamp, Major R——, who was well acquainted with the country, put on a heavy pair of top-boots, which together with an odd limp he had in his gait, rendered him distinguished from the rest at a considerable distance. When they reached the jungle, they found there was a wide ditch to leap, which all succeeded in doing except the Major, who being less young and active, jumped short of the requisite distance; and although he scrambled up unhurt, he found his gun so crammed full of wet sand that it would be useless till thoroughly cleansed. He therefore bade them walk on, saying he would follow; and taking off his hat, he sat down in the shade where they left him. When they had been beating about for game some time, they began to wonder why the major did not come on, and they shouted to let him know whereabouts they were; but there was no answer, and hour after hour passed without his appearance, till at length they began to feel somewhat uneasy.

Thus the day wore away, and they found themselves approaching the rendezvous. The boat was in sight, and they were walking down to it, wondering how their friend could have missed them, when suddenly, to their great joy, they saw him before them, making towards the barge. He was without his hat or gun, limping hastily along in his top-boots, and did not appear to observe them. They shouted after him, but as he did not look round, they began to run, in order to overtake him; and, indeed, fast as he went, they did gain considerably upon him. Still he reached the boat first, crossing the plank which the boatmen had placed ready for the gentlemen they saw approaching. He ran down the companion-stairs, and they after him; but inexpressible was their surprise when they could not find him below! They ascended again, and inquired of the boatmen what had become of him; but they declared he had not come on board, and that nobody had crossed the plank till the young men themselves had done so.

Confounded and amazed at what appeared so inexplicable, and doubly anxious about their friend, they immediately resolved to retrace their steps in search of him; and, accompanied by some Indians who knew the jungle, they made their way back to the spot where they had left him. Thence some footmarks enabled them to trace him, till at a very short distance from the ditch, they found his hat and his gun. Just then the Indians called out to them to beware, for that there was a sunken well thereabouts, into which they might fall. An apprehension naturally seized them that this might have been the fate of their friend; and on examining the edge, they saw a mark as of a heel slipping up. Upon this, one of the Indians consented to go down, having a rope with which they had provided themselves, tied round his waist; for, aware of the existence of the wells, the natives suspected what had actually occurred, namely, that the unfortunate gentleman had slipped into one of these traps, which, being overgrown with brambles were not discernible by the eye. With the assistance of the Indian, the body was brought up and carried back to the boat, amid the deep regrets of the party, with whom he had been a great favorite. They proceeded with it to the next station where an inquiry was instituted as to the manner of his death, but of course nothing more was elicited.

I give this story as related by one of the parties present, and there is no doubt of its perfect authenticity. He says he can in no way account for the mystery—he can only relate the fact; and not one, but the whole five cadets, saw him as distinctly as they saw each other. It was evident, from the spot where the body was found, which was not many yards from the well, that the accident must have occurred very shortly after they left him. When the young men reached the boat, Major R—— must have been for some seven or eight hours a denizen of the other world, yet he kept the rendezvous!—*C. Crowe.*

A SOMNAMBULIST ADVENTURER.

The Adrian, Mich., *Watchtower* relates the following particulars of a most marvellous adventure on the Michigan Southern railroad last week:

A gentleman with his wife took passage in Chicago on the night express train for the east, and took berths in the sleeping car. They laid down in their berths soon after leaving Chicago, and were soon in dreamland. The gentleman, it seems, had a habit of getting out of bed while asleep, and did so at this time when the train stopped at Laporte. He walked out of the car and on to the platform in front of the passenger house, and the cars came away while he was walking about. He continued in this state until he was spoken to by some of the men belonging to the station, when he awoke, and at once realized his condition. The cars had been gone some time and were a long way this side.

The man was in deep tribulation, and informed the men of his troubles. His wife was on the train, and, worse than all, he laid his pocket-book, containing $11,000 in his berth, of which his wife had no knowledge. A locomotive was at the depot with the steam up, and he asked the engineer to name his price to overtake the train. The superintendent of the western division, being at Laporte, was consulted, and it was finally agreed to attempt to overtake the train for $250, to which was added $20 for the engineer and $10 for the fireman.

It was no slight risk to run a locomotive over the road at irregular hours, to say nothing of the extra speed required to overtake the train which had, by the time they started, nearly an hour's start; but they came on, fearful as was the risk, and passed stations without slacking the speed, leaving the switchmen to wonder what was up. At one or two stations they were obliged to stop for trains, they succeeded in overtaking the express at Jonesville, one hundred and seven miles from Laporte. The last twenty-eight and half miles was run in thirty-one minutes.

The saying common among children, if a little white pimple appears on the tip of the tongue, "You are guilty of a falsehood," is a relic of a very ancient superstition. The pimple was regarded by the ancients as a punishment inflicted on them by the gods for perjury, theft, and all falsehoods. The phrase is found quite as a common one in books written B. C 270. Swellings on the nose were also looked upon as punishments for similar offences.

REFINING EXPERIENCES OF SICKNESS.

There is a class of persons to whom sickness has a delicate and refined ministry. It is those in whom the religious character has been cultivated and developed. The contemplation of a sick room to a person of religious habits are certainly among the refined and spiritual experiences of life. Nowhere else in life does the soul so clearly vindicate its superiority to everything. From the sick man's window, the whole prospect has a spiritual hue. All things take their places in a new order. Beauty, hitherto unappreciated, seems concealed in everything. Intellectual and moral qualities seem to invest commonest objects. The delicacies which delight his tender senses are miracles of goodness; and he wonders how he could ever have lived, and not seen it before. The scale of being seems to have been pitched higher, and more delicately balanced. It is one of the remarkable qualities of the sick room experiences of a religious mind, to weave everything into the plan of goodness. And it is not an effort of a half consenting mind, trying to think that it is; so clearly is the quality discerned, and so completely does it transcend everything else, through its high affinities, that it is good.

I have never known such a one as I refer to now, who did not discern that goodness prevailed; that it was the ascendant in everything; and that the mingling of relations in which the eye of sense sees so much that it calls evil, is in reality good. One who has now passed from mortal sight said to me, a few days before her death, as from her bed she looked out upon the few objects that could be seen from her window:

"Everything is so beautiful. I wonder how it is. These flowers (turning her eye to a bouquet upon the table) fill me with delight. And," said she, just lifting her finger from the pillow, and pointing to the window with a smile, "there is that old dead tree; it seems to me the most beautiful thing in the world. I lie here hour after hour, and look at it, and think of God's goodness and love in putting it there; and then I think of the goodness of those who bring me these flowers. Everybody and everything seem so good to me. I never knew that there was so much goodness in the world before."

Now, whence arises this quick affinity with all that is kind and beautiful and benevolent? Why do the little kindnesses which the common sympathies of our nature prompt, enlarge into acts of love? Why does nature in her very desolation, put on garments of beauty and glory, filling the weary spirit with ever new delight?

The sick room contemplations of a religious mind weave all life's meaning and mystery into the fabric of goodness and love. Sickness, as we commonly esteem it, is a calamity. It *is* a calamity according to our measure of evil. No one in his right mind would pray to be laid prostrate with disease. But there are many who from the depths of a blessed experience, thank God that they have been. You may talk about health as much as you please; you may extol it as the richest blessing which descends upon our mortal lot, and justly. But I ask any one who has ever had a profound experience of sickness, of sickness exalted by the holy influences of religion, if he would exchange those experiences for the health which they cost him?—*Rev. Horatio Stebbins.*

Singular Customs.

At a recent meeting of the "Society of Antiquarians," in England, Mr. Carrington read a paper on the modes taken to improve the apple crop in different parts of Great Britain. These customs are various. In some countries prayers are offered; in others, drinking and poetry are used; and in one district instrumental music was added. With respect to Wiltshire and Dorsetshire, in the "*Manuale in Hyum Sarum*," now in the vicarage library of Marlborough, there were two beautiful Latin prayers to be said on St. James and St. Christopher's day (Feb. 25) in orchards, when the trees were to be sprinkled with holy water. In Devonshire, at this day, a bowl of toast and cider is taken out into the orchard on Chrismas eve, and a piece of toast put on the principal tree, and verses repeated as follows:

"Apple tree
We wassail thee
To bear to blow
Apples enow
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

In Somersetshire a similar custom prevails, but the poetry is extended to fourteen lines; and in Sussex is a custom called "blowing the trees," or "wassailing" which is performed by a number of young men blowing cow's horns under the apple trees, and each taking hold of a tree, and repeating verses, a little different, but evidently of the same origin as those repeated in the other counties.

The Mother Moulds the Man.

That it is the mother who moulds the man, is a sentiment beautifully illustrated by the following recorded observation of a shrewd writer:

"When I lived among the Choctaw Indians, I held a consultation with one of their chiefs respecting the successive stages of their progress in the arts of civilized life; and, among other things, he informed me at their start they fell into a great mistake—they only sent their boys to school. These boys came home intelligent men, but they married uneducated and uncivilized wives—and the uniform result was, the children were all like their mothers. The father soon lost all his interest in both wife and children. 'And now,' said he, 'if we would educate but one class of our children, we should choose the girls, for when they become mothers they educate their sons.'"

This is the point, and it is true. No nation can become fully enlightened when mothers are not in a good degree qualified to discharge the duties of the home-work of education.

A Choice Conceit.

Dr. O. W. Holmes, in an article on Photography, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, has a beautiful thought touching the art of picture painting by sunlight, suggesting that perhaps this world is only the *negative* of that better one in which lights will be turned into shadows and shadows into lights, but all harmonized, so that we shall see why these ugly patches, these misplaced gleams and blots, were wrought into the temporary arrangements of our planetary life.

RELY ON YOURSELF.—A man's best help is in himself—his heart, his own soul, his own resolute purpose. The battle cannot be fought by proxy. A man's mind may be aroused by another—his desire to improve and advance himself be excited by another, but he must mould his own stuff, quarry his own nature, make his own character. What if a man fail in one effort—let him try again. Let him try hard—try often—and he cannot fail ultimately to succeed. No man can tell what he can do until he tries, and tries with resolution.

Mental Abstraction.

The anecdotes of Archimedes will be remembered, who rushed through the streets of Syracuse *al frescoe*, crying, "*Eureka!*" and at the taking of the city, was killed by a soldier while tracing geometrical lines on the sand. Socrates, when filled with some idea, would stand for hours, fixed like a statue. It is recorded of him that he stood amidst the soldiers in the camp at Potidea, in rooted abstraction, listening to his "prophetic or supernatural voice." Democritus shut himself up for days together in a little apartment in his garden. Dante was subject to fits of abstraction, in which he often quite forgot himself. One day, he found an interesting book, which he had long sought for, in a druggists shop in Sienna, and sat reading there till night came on. Camoens composed his verses with the roar of battle in his ears, for the Portuguese poet was a soldier and a brave one. He composed others of his most beautiful verses at the time when his Indian slave was begging a subsistence for him in the streets. Tasso wrote his finest pieces in the lucid intervals of madness.

Preaching to the Point.

Passing along one night—for evening at the South is our afternoon—in Montgomery, Alabama, I stepped into the Presbyterian lecture-room where a slave was preaching;—"My Bredren," says he, "God bress our souls, 'ligion is like de Alabama riber; in spring come fresh, an' bring in all de logs, slabs, an' sticks dat hab been lyin' on de bank, an' carry dem down in de current. Bymeby de water down, den a log cotch here on dis island, den a slab gets cotched on de shore, an' de sticks on the bushes; an dare dey lie withrin' on de shore an' dryin' till come another fresh. Jus' so dare come 'vival of 'ligion; dis ole sinner bro't in, dat old backslider bro't back, an' all de folks seem comin', an' mighty good times. But, bredren, God bress your souls, bymeby 'vival gone; den dis ole sinner is stuck on his ole sin, den dat old backslider is cotched where he was afore, on jus' such a rock; den one ofter 'nother dat had 'ligion lies all along de shore an' dare dey lie till 'nother 'vival. Beloved bredren, God bress our souls, keep in de current.—*Christian Herald.*

THE BEWILDERED PUPIL.—In a country school the domine was giving his Bible lesson, with a good admonisher in the shape of a cane in his right hand. He asked a young hopeful, "Who created the heavens and the earth?"

The lad not being prepared with the reply, the preceptor asked in a louder voice, at the same time raising his admonisher in a threatening manner over the devoted head of the boy, "Who created the heavens and the earth, the sun, the moon, and the stars, stupid boy? Tell me immediately."

The lad blubbered, extending his hands to protect his head, "It was I, sir, pray forgive me; I'll never do it again!"

An urchin in a country school was reading the verse in the New Testament which reads thus:—"And he saw Abraham afar off with Lazarus in his bosom." The boy gravely spelt it out thus:—"And-he-saw-a-broom afar-off-with-leather-ears-in Boston."

Dr. Young says that a man and wife are like soul and body—always at variance, and yet loth to part.

Poetry and Sentiment.

PRACTICE WHAT YOU PREACH.

Tell me not of garbled sermons—
Elegance of thought and style,
Heard from out your modern pulpits,
Man from error to beguile.
Eloquence may charm the fancy,
Summon an admiring crowd,
Who surround the gifted preacher
With their praises long and loud;
But if God's appointed servants
Would their hearers' conscience reach,
Leading them to paths of wisdom,
They must practice what they preach.

Parents, if your tender offspring
You would lead in ways of truth,
Shielding them from the temptations
Which surround the paths of youth;
Count as vain your time-worn maxims,
And to make your teachings sure,
Guide them not alone by precept,
But example, just and pure;
For to shelter from the tempest
Sin's dark clouds would cast round each
Tender flower of your protection,
You must practise what you preach.

Teachers, if throughout your duties,
Ever faithful you would be,
Not by words, but by your actions,
Teach in all sincerity.
Youthful eyes are on you gazing,
Youthful hearts your thoughts receive;
Eagerly they catch your accents;
Eagerly your words believe.
Then beware, lest by your actions
Untrue principles you teach,
And forget not you must ever
Strive to practice what you preach.

LOVE.

'Tis nature's second sun,
Causing a spring of virtues where he shines;
And as without the sun, the world's great eye,
All colors, beauties, both of art and nature,
Are given in vain to man; so without love
All beauties bred in women are in vain,
All virtues born in men lie buried;
For love informs them as the sun doth colors;
And as the sun reflecting his warm beams
Against the earth, begets all fruits and flowers;
So love, fair shining on the inward man,
Brings forth in him the honorable fruits
Of valor, wit, virtue, and haughty thoughts,
Brave resolution and divine discourse. CHAPMAN.

The truly high are they that strive, unmindful of self, to do the highest requirements of their Father, as within their own spirit revealed.

Every operation in nature, or the world of matter, has its counterpart in the spirit or world of mind. Hence the student must become thoroughly versed in objective, before he enters the subjective region; otherwise he may fall under the accusation of being unable to read.

Piety may attain an inordinate growth, while charity is dead at the root? Spiritual pride; a vain conceit of superior goodness because of the observance of certain forms and ceremonies, is the error into which too many devout religionists fall. But God seeth not as man seeth. He looks into the heart, and judges his creatures by the motives that rule them."

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FOR 1859!

No pains will be spared to make the AGE in all respects a most valuable family paper. Every effort will be made to add to the high reputation which it already enjoys as an exponent of Spiritual Truth and a Pioneer of Reform. In a word, it is the design of the publishers to give their patrons, in the fullest sense,

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Persons sending me a small portion of their writing may have a description of their looks, character, mental and physical condition, with right business and conjugal adaptation, and all such matters as require intuition or clairvoyant perception. Terms for a full reading, $3; reading on a single point, $1. Business applications will be received, and persons assisted in making changes and getting situations. Office, 7 Davis street, Boston, where I may be found on Saturdays of each week.
H. L. BOWKER.

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WITHOUT YEAST OR POWDERS.

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